Ashtabula Telegraph,

JAMES BEED & BOE, Prop're. ASHTABULA, 1 1 OHIO.

THE RAGING WIND. The zephyr is a gentle thing.
The soft brouce is a beauty.
And wind is very useful while
Performing of its duty.

The sir that softiv stre the leaves Is very sweet and poety.* And wind is guite respeciable While in the line of duty.

But when it gots into a ruge, And rips and roars and clatters, Blows chimners down, and houses And strongest buildings shatter

Team up your trees and buris your roof. Into your neighbor's garden. And blows your wife into the street, And never usis your pardon:

Demoitshes your northwest wall, Dismantles your new stable. And twists the front side of your house Around to meet the gable—

The then you wish the gentle breeze,
So settly sweet and party,
Would not forcet its proper place
Nor lawe us line of duty.
So a structure wind-mills, drying clothes
propelling ships, raising kires, and other
matters which contribute to the comfort and
imprinces of minicipal.

"The great license taken by the wind is all that Justilles the post in this indepense.

—Indemopsile Journal,

A MOTHER'S VISION.

As they were dressing the wee new As they were dressing the wee new baby for her waiting arms the mother passed into a sleep. It was a brief sleep. When she woke her husbani came to her side. Perceiving a strange-ness in her face, he bent over her with a look of surprise. "What's the matter? You look like a materialized angel," he said.

Where is the baby per she asked. "The little thing isn't quite rigged yet," he answered, trying to speak lightly; he did not like the weirdness in Yes, she's all ready," the purse

ed, and the baby was brought and aid in it's mother's bosom.
"Lucy!" she said, with indescribable

Mabel is prettier, but-Fil tell you

you to be such a goose as to be fright-ened by a dream."
"But, Marc," she said, in solemn re-monstrance, "it was no dream: it was all as vivid as the day. There was no indistinctness: everything was as de-fined as your face is this morning. It was a vision, Marc—a revelation of the future. I know I shall see it again: I shall some day see my shadow on the monstrance. "It was no dream: it was all as vivid as the day. There was no indistinctness: everything was as defined as your face is this morning. It was a vision, Marc—a revelation of the tuture. I know I shall see it again: I shall some day see my shadow on the grass lying beside the shadow of the Norway pine and of the marble headbler. "April 8, 1877.—Luey spoke her first word to-day, and. O dear God! I thank Thee that it was 'mamma." It was perfectly spoken, and three times Norway pine and of the marble headplece, just as I saw them in the vision,
and I shall read those two inscriptions,
and I shall feel the agony of a mother
bereft of her child. Oh, Mare! this
thoughts to baby; but Mare is so unspony is something indescribable; it has
gone from me now, but the memory from me now, but the memory. When it comes to me in reality

should be happy. And this is what we are to do, Marc. We must see to it that she never has a pain if we can help it, and we must get all the good we can from her stay. Now, Mare, you

she said, "but we do not to it. make the insecurity real: it is vague to us; it is doubtful; there are more chances for us than against us. But now we are warned: in three years and two and a half months God will take our baby: I know it. Be persuaded, Marc, and let us do with the child as we shall wish we had done when we stand beside the little grave. Now, bring her to me: I

must keep her always with me."

With a grasping, tender awe, as though the little life was already slipping from hers, the mother received the child. She studied the face with a long, steadfast gaze, such as we give to a facwe may never see again. "I want," she said, "to stamp it upon my mem-ory, the face with which she came to

"Here's Tommy, come to see his 'itty iter," said the father, in a cheerful tone; he hoped to exorcise the ghostly fancies from Mabel's mind.

Tomny was a burly fellow, with the judgment usual to boys of three and thereabouts. With a laughing shout he pulled himself up by the clothes on to the bed, and in purely animal delight threw himself on the baby and squeezed her hard. The feeble little being responded by a cry of rain. It burt the her hard. The feeble little being responded by a cry of pain. It hurt the mother's heart to the poles, so soon had the devoted child; so soon had said in protest, "You love me to hard, mother's heart to the quiet, so soon had said in protest, "You love me to hard, life she had evering. The possession of the season had said in protest, "You love me to hard, life she had evering. The possession of the possession of the season had said in protest, "You love me to hard, life she had evering, madame. Will shine as a student, will be a man of he degrat?" As we have not reached the had remove the degrat? As we have not reached the had remove the decime of the crace can perhaps the decline of the crace is not imminent. "I had a pang to-day. Baby was sleeping beside me, when I heard a cry from Tormy to be taken from the room, heedless of his pleadings, while hear a cry from Tormy to be taken from the room, heedless of his pleadings, while possession. To oppose it to spratical final issue might be to intend there were put on the garmonts in the troon the garmonts in the two man," Will trembling, lingering the crace tell me the when monkeys abare the adors time of the crace (an perhaps the decline of the crace (an perhaps the decline of the crace is not imminent. "We were then living at Alderwood, in the country, and B— variety of examine, while the country and bear one when the plant and the p

the first page of "Lucy's Diary." A week of precious time is gone; one hundred and sixty-six weeks and one day are left. Every day since she came has been a joy to me. She does not notice any yet, but there is such sweetness in ministering to her helplassness! When Mare holds her feet to the fire she works have these wift in ministering to her helplassness! that she enjoys the warmth. I know she enjoys the warmth. I know she enjoys the nursing. Dear Lord, I thank Thee that I may get thus near to her that she may build her life from

mine."

From this time on, day by day to the last week, was recorded the story of the child's unfolding. Perhaps such the child's unfolding. Perhaps such another story was never written. It noted every perceptible change—the clearing of the skin; the opening of the first notice of the dancing shadows on the wall, and of the bright colors; the first smile; the growth of the hair; the first goo-goo; the first laught the first tooth, and each after one; every infant sickness, every frolle; the behavior with each new toy. Then there was the story of the sitting alone, of the creeping, of the standing alone, of the walking by the chair, of the first unaided walking. Every pain that came to the walking. Every pain that came to the little Lucy the mother noted with re-

"Lucy?" repeated the husband: "you have said all along that if a girl it was to have your name."

"I know I did, but her name is Lucy."

"Why, what put Lucy into your head? There's not a Lucy in your family or mine. Do you like it better than Mabel?"

Mahal is contains to the words.

Through the mother noted with remorseful tears—every sign of new pleasure in the wee face was recorded with thankful words.

Through the whole minute record there ran an evident solicitude to put some mark upon each day—to so individualize it that it might be identified in a review. And with each day's record were entered the pittless figures which told what of the little life remained.

"Mabel is prettier, but—I'll tell you about it some time." she said, in a tone which dismissed the subject.

The next morning, after she had taken her breakfast, she told her husband this:

"When I fell away last night—it was not into a sleep—I had a vision. There was one instant of darkness, and then I was in a sunry cemetery. It was in the spring-time, for over the fence beyond the grass-plats I saw fruit trees in bloom and the red-bud. It was our cemetery, Mount Hope Cemetery, I knew the gentle slopes and the winding roads and the memorial-stones with their familiar inscriptions. And there was one, a marble headplece, standing under a small Norway pine, and on this I read, 'Lucy, second child of Marcus B. Golden and his wife Mabel.' and then the two dates, 'February 14, 1876, and 'five o'clock p. m., April 29, 1879. The first is the day of baby's birth; we shall keep her three years, two months and fifteen days; she will die at five o'clock."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the husband, lauching, "I couldn't have believed." On February 14, 1877, the mother

o'clock."
"Oh, nonsense!" said the husband, laughing. "I couldn't have believed you to be such a goose as to be frightened by a dream."
"But, Marc," she said, in solemn remonstrance, "it was no dream: it was

stays. When it comes to me in reality it will not be strange: I shall recognize it."

Again the husband smiled.

Again the husband smiled.

Marc!" she cried, "you must not treat this with incredulity. In three years, two mouths and fifteen days we shall lose our Lucy I know it. Now, if God had appeared visibly to us and warned us of this, what would be our course!"

that his comfort is neglected, and Tommy's. So I live in a perpetual conflict. I wmt them to get the good of her, to get sweet memories of her to keep through life, but Tommy is so strong and rough that I dare not trust him hear her. Mare frets that she comes between me and Tommy, and so hence let's Lucy, and indulges Tommy until the boy is almost rumed."

"April 29, 1878.—Just one year left! It frightens me to think how her life is

had appeared visibly to us and warned us of this, what would be our course? It frightens me to think how her life is What would you do? You would be rooted in mine. If hera is torn away gin at once to get all the enjoyment mine must perish. I had thought that, possible out of the loan: you would being warned, I should get my mind make it your study that the little life familiarized with the idea of losing her, and that my heart would become acqui-escent; but every day I hold her closer, every day the thought of parting seems deeper agony.'

May 3, 1878.—Yesterday I went with

we can from her stay. Now, Mare, you must not look that way," she continued, in earnest entreaty: "I cannot have you slight the warning."

"Why, Mabel, in the insecurity of our hold upon any earthly good we have a constant warning to make the but I recognized it the moment I came to it. The Norway pine, the peculiar slope, the neighboring enclosures, were all familiar. It is too terrible to write here the agony—to feel the clinging warmth of the little hand, to look into her bright face, to hear her innocent prattle, and then to see the very spot prattle, and then to see the very spot where all her sweetness must in one year be buried away. Oh, it seemed that my poor heart must break. I cried till I thought I could never stop. I had argued that the vision was sent in mercy, in order that I might fill every hour of her life with pleasure, and might take all the sweetness a baby may give to its mother; but my devotion to her, the ever-present thought of her, the laying away, the hoarding in my heart, of all her words and ways—ah me! ah of all her words and ways—ah 'me' ah me! it is like absorbing her being into mine, like making her life my life. Once I was thankful for the warning; now it shadows my whole life. I would that I had been dealt with after the usual plan-that God had hid the future from | He we

"June 8, 1878.—This is Tommy's

her dead?"
"I do not believe this," said Mare;
"but even if I did know that she was
to die in six months I should want the
child rightly disciplined. I think her
face in the nextworld will be influenced

face in the next world will be influenced by her training in this."
"I'm glad she's going to be deaded," said Tommy, who vividly realized that the baby was a discomfort in his life...
"And you'll be covered up in a hig hole," he added, turning to his sister.
"I won't!! won't!" cried Lacy in passionate protest, "I won't be tovered in a bid bole; will me, mamma?"
Tears were running down the mother's

Tears were running down the mother's face. "I would die for you, my heart, my life!" cried the poor soul, "but I

an not help you."

Meanwhile, the little Lucy in childsh rage spit la Tomny's face and threw
a china doll into it. Mare picked up
the little passion-swollen girl, went into the next room and locked himself in
with her.

· He is going to punish her? ' thought He is going to punish her? thought the alarmed mother, "it is sacrilege! Her's is sacred flesh—it is angel's flesh! He will punish her, and then when she is gone he will break his heart over it." She went swiftly to the door, as one would fly to avert disaster. She begged to be let in: she ordered the feet.

would by to avert disaster. She begged to be let in; she ordered the door opened. He made no reply. "I warn you, Mare," she said, "that if you strike her I will never forgive it."

She heard the little Lucy passionately crying, "Mamma! I wants my mamma! I wants my mamma! I wants have so heard! Persyland and the little Lucy passionately crying." er so hard! Papa, Lucy loves mamma o bad! I loves my mamma so bad!" And then she heard with burning

neart Marc's reply: "You must stay in here, away from mamma, because you pit in Tommy's face and struck Tommy. ou must stay in here, away from namma, till you stop crying—stay in here till you are good. When you stop rying you may go to mamma. There, now! be good—stop crying," In spite of his tender tone Mabel's

eart was resentful. Tommy had fol-owed her to the door, and was now ulling at her skirts and hand. Almost roughly she put him away.
"I wants Tommy's orange; Lucy likes um so bad," pleaded the sobbing

baby

"No, you can't have Tommy's orange; you had one," said the father.

"Yes, she may have it, papa," Tommy called through the Reyhole. He had been habitated to giving up to her, and had begun to learn a little of the sweetness of self-denial.

Mabel felt a suidden heart-warming toward her boy; she reached out for the little sun-browned hand and drew him nearer.

side was hushed; there were some soothing words from Marc, and then he came out with the baby. The mother's arms were opened; Lucy fell into them, and laid the wet face on its old resting-

tracery on the spirit in the hereafter?
Would discipline of the child here better fit her for the coming life? Would it be a gain for the spirit there to take lessons in self-control here? For days lessons in self-control here? For days these questions tore at the mother's

mother said as the festival drew near Marc rose up at these words with a gesture of impatient remonstrance.

"Now don't, piease," she hurried to add, "I know what I say, Marc: it will be her last Christmas, and we must bring together all the Christmas delights. She must hang up her stocking on Christmas Eve: on Christmas Day we will have a Santa Claus, and at night a tree, the handsomest possible. We must crowd the Christmas with joy for her—must make it so delightful to her that even amid the bliss of heaven she will remember her last Christmas with gladness." The mother's igalous heart thrilled at the thought of making in fresh linen. It was as though they she will remember her last Christmas with gladness." The mother's igalous heart thrilled at the thought of making

t rival heaven in happiness. Marc was always impatient with Ma-el's talk of her vision, and impatient of any plans bearing on its realization. He would always put in his protest, laughingly or vehemently, hoping thus to give a salutary jolt to the morbid fancy, and also because he was deter-mined to keep his heart set against her fancy.

birthday. I have not selected any present for him; I could not take Latey out yesterday, and would not leave her. Mare is to get something for him; be is, easily pleased. Patience, poor T6mmy! In eight months and three weeks it will be your turn.

"I had a pang to-day. Baby was aleeping beside me, when I heard a cry from Tommy. I hurried out to him, but found there was nothing the matter except that he had elimbed to the gate.

to lay by awest memories of har to which
the spirit could turn through life for refreshment. She kissed his tear-stained
fice, and had him kiss balty's first, and
told him that he must love the little sister better than all the world besides.

Only in necessity would she suffer her
haby to be taken from her side, but
hung over it with a reverent kind of
love, as for one already heaven-bespoken. At every waking her thoughts
flew fara to baby, and her hand wen
out with loving touch, and then the litthe one's face was laid against hers.

And when the mather on the third
morning felt an umstakable closing of
the warm lips, and heard the low, soft
wardlowing, she lay back with closed
that and maker their came great lank
tol tears. And in Marc's syes were asswering tears.

When the baby was a week old the
When the baby was a week old the
mother insisted on having its picture
taken. The same day she entered on
the first page of "Ucty" blirty," "A
week of precious time is gone; one hunweek of precious time is gone; one hunof the mathing tor
the time the spice of the the tothe precious time is gone; on

thing to be remembered—the baby air of myster; as she went tiptoeing into the bas, and ways opposed my course with baby, and he pains me by using her as he does Tonnay, making no difference except for her age. She is now sobting in her steep from her father's discipline."

This is the story of that painful hour: The children had each an orange. Lucy ate hers, and then matched at Tonnay's, and cried for it. The baby-cries smote upon the mother sheart and unarved her. In an excited way, eagerly intent on soothing Lucy, she began coaxing Tommy to give his orange to his sister. Tommy refused, and the mother was about to force it from him when Marc interposed, speaking quistly and firmly. "Mabel, you must not do that," he said. "You would injure both children; you would confuse Tommy's ideas of justice and weaken his faith in you."

"Oh," cried the smother with pathetic beseechment, "how can you speak about her in this cold-blooded way, when in six months we are to see her dead?"

"I do not believe this," said Marc; but we won if I did know that she went tiptoeing into in myster; as she went tiptoeing into the soliding in the sofily. Ighted parlor to haap her stocking on the door-knob, and the wide with, half-frightened run back to mamma in the sitting-room, and the wide with, half-frightened run back to mamma in the sitting-room, and the wide with, half-frightened run back to mamma in the selfily. Ightened run back to mamma in the soliding on the door-knob, and the wide with, half-frightened run back to mamma in the selfily. Ightened run back to mamma in the selfily. Ightened run back to mamma in the selfily. It is solicing on the door-knob, and the wide with, half-frightened run wis not the marvellons glided apart, it tenderness that Marc's eyes filled with tenders which chained the interest, or soul locking out of baby's ayes, speaking fill me the picture.

"It want to hear it talk," the child ferrous baby's lips, which entranced, he As for Tommy, thrilled, enraptured boy, he was hardly noticed.

On the day after Christmas, baby's lips, which entranced, he As for Tommy, thrilled, enraptured boy, he was hardly noticed.

On the day after Christmas, baby's lips, which entranced he As for Tommy, thrilled, enraptured boy, he was hardly noticed.

On the day after Christmas, baby's lips, which entranced he As for Tommy, thrilled, enraptured boy, he was hardly noticed.

On the day after Christmas, baby's lips which entranced he are the controlled to the control to the con

by ann might for weeks the watch-ing and the nursing went on, and then the turning-point was passed, and Lucy was nursed back—past her birthday, past the bleak March—to health and strength. "Only," said the mother, weeping, "that she may be ready to die!"

die!"
The spring opened early. Through
the ineffable sadness Mabel had a vivid,
a preternatural realization of the
abounding life about her. She could
not get away from the carnival of life;
she heard and saw when she would not; "No, you can't have Tommy's orange; you had one," said the father.
"Yes, she may have it, papa." Temmy called through the keyhole. He had been habituated to giving up to her, and had begun to learn a little of the weetness of self-denial.

Mabel felt a sudden heart-warming toward her boy; she reached out for the ittle sun-browned hand and drew him hearer.

Soon after the sobbing on the other side was hushed; there were some toothing words from Marc, and then he hame out with the baby. The mother's rams were opened; Lucy fell into them, and laid the wet face on its old resingulate.

"Baby may have it," said the little prother, holding out the orange.
Lucy reached both hands for it, and a bright smile broke over the liquid face.

This week was one of prayer and allowed in the street of the control of the co

Lacy reached both hands for it, and a bright smile broke over the liquid face.

Then Mabel, pressing the child close, went away with her. A hundred times she kissed the dimpled flesh, the angel flesh, in a passion of tenderness, in a rapture of pain.

While recogning Marc's action with the contribution of the way of heart, but he feared to give in to Mabel's "whim," as he had al-

rapture of pain.

While rescoting Marc's action with ways called it—feared the effect on her

these questions tore at the mother's heart, breaking its devotion, so sad, so sweet, to the child. At length she decided: "I will not inflict certain pain on my baby for a probable good. I will go on filling, if I may, her brief days with happiness."

It was with this feeling that she began the preparations for baby's Christmas. The child was now at that age so enchanting to its watchful lovers, when all its walk is among wonders, and it is seeking the keys and asking them of all about it.

"It will be her last Christmas!" the can sicken and die? As for any accidental death, you keep her always with

bout it.

"It will be her last Christmas!" the picture of her life on this day, that nother said as the festival drew near. may be able to recall all her words and

in fresh linen. It was as though they were making ready for a marriage

festival.

Then Lucy woke. With tenderness indescribable Mable bathed her baby for the sacrifice; with frantic, clinging arms she hugged the glowing, beautiful unclad body to her dizzy heart; with passionate lips she kissed the naked feet, the dimpled knees, the bands the system throat the same the same throat throat the same throat throat the same throat t hands, the sweet throat, the warm, langhing, prattling mouth, till the naby said in protest, "You love me to hard, mamma." With trembling, lingering ingers she curled the yellow hair. And then there were put on the garments in which Death was to meet her the poor

five," he said.
"Lemme hear it tick, papa," said Lacy, trying toget off the mother's knee.
"Sit with mamma, sweet blessing," the mother said, with such besecching

This it proved to be. Marc thought the child must die; the doctor at one said, "It looks now like double pneuman."

This it proved to be. Marc thought the child must die; the doctor at one said, "It looks now like double pneuman, "Steep it looks now like double pneuman, "Steep it looks now like double pneuman, and the her said."

This it proved to be. Marc thought the child must die; the doctor at one said, "It looks now like double pneuman, and the her said."

This it proved to be. Marc thought the child must die; the doctor at one said, "It looks now like double pneuman, and the her said."

This it proved to be. Marc thought the child must die; the doctor at one said, "It looks now like double pneuman, and the her comfort."

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This it proved to be. Marc thought the child must die; the doctor at one said, "It looks now like double pneuman, and the said over and over. "This sickness may drag on till then, but I am not expected in plant was he beliem and over the hall danneling, to read the said over the said brought. Again and again was she brought back to face the terrible reality, but they could not hold her conscious-ness. Swoon followed swoon; life seemed bent on getting away from all their offers.

seemed bent on getting away from all their efforts.

"Her spirit is trying to get to Tommy's," the mothers said, weeping.

Then from the group about the boy there came words that thrilled all the hearts: "There! did you see that?" was the cry. "He gasped! he's alive! he's coming to!"

The workers by Mabei's side repeated the electrical words: "He's alive! he's alive! Tell her! quick! Bring her back once more and tell her that Tommy's coming to—that her boy's alive!"

And with the strength which comes

And with the strength which comes of hope they worked, the two bands of faithful souls.

And when that poor sinking spirit again was above the flood the rope was thrown to it: "Tommy's alive! Tommy is saved! Mabel, do you hear? Tommy lives!" And it was from Marc, kneeling, weeping by her side, "Tommy is living?" that her sinking spirit caught this, held to it, and drew itself up from the waves of death.—Sarah Winter Kellogg, in Lippincott's Magazine.

The First English Pottery Craze,

It seems a little strange that amid all the fervor of the pottery crase, which is now so universal, none of the lunaties—if we may use that word in a perfectly inoffensive sense—have taken any steps toward acknowledging to whom While resenting Mare's action with the child, it was a serious suggestion to her: Would ungoverned, childish passion, unchecked selfishness, show their reacry on the spirit in the hereafter? Would discipline of the child here between the child here bet decoration. There can be no dispute as to the person to whom this tribute should be paid, for we read as follows in Macaulay: "Mary (William's wife, of course) had acquired at the Hague a taste for the porcelain of China, and amused herself by forming at Hampton a vast collection of hideous images and of vases on which houses, trees, bridges and mandarins were depicted in outrageous defiance of all laws of perspecive. The fashion—a frivolous and in elegant fashion, it must be ownedwhich was thus set by the Queen spread which was thus set by the Queen spread fast and wide. In a few years almost every house in the kingdom contained a museum of those grotesque bables. Even statesmen and Generals were not ashamed to be renowned as judges of teapots and dragons; and satirists long ontinued to repeat that a fine lady valued her mottled green pottery quite as much as she valued her monkey, and such more than she valued her hus-

This extract is very interesting for wo reasons. In the first place it ex-plains that the pottery craze is a con-agion imported by the Dutch. In the cond place it shows that, prevalent as was the infection in courtly circles in England near the close of the seven-teenth century, it had so completely died out there by the year 1849 that Macaulay—who as the frequent guest at the Queen's palace and at Holland House would have seen any existing House would have seen any existing manifestations of it—did not hesitate to designate as "frivolous and inelegant" he love for old pottery which was manifested by a Queen whom he admired so much as he did Mary. This leads to the manifest question,

How long in the future will it be before the work of collecting old pottery will again be considered "frivolous and included the legant?" As we have not reached the "Good evening, madame. Will shine as a student, will be a man of more ability and integrity than one

Hor Doung Readers.

TO LITTLE PHIL.

My during little baby Phil. I'm going to write in that's better.

And, first or all, I'll tail you, dear, this one thing, to legan it, I'll tail you, dear, this one in the bar is better.

I wish, I wish, I had you here this very blessed indivote.

Walked calmly down the porch, off the stops into the dark garden and among the monaining cypress trees.

"Oh, mother, mother, how could you!" I sobled, no longer ashamed of your that's better.

"Jennie, my child, said mother, do I not know best? And that answer was all I could get her to make.

"Support was forgetten; we all sat

and the little boy that blows it.

Of little Bo Poep who lest her sheep, and didn't know where to find 'em;

And how the sheep muse home at hest, and brought their talls behind 'em;

Of the woman in a shoe who lived; of the three linekiess kintens

Who lest one day—what do you think/—why, all those precious mittens.

him.

"One afternoon—a cold, cheerless, rainy one like this, dear—I sat looking out the window at a poor little meadow lark that stood shivering and wet on the edge of the porch. I soon called Tom to look too, but when I turned to see if he was coming, and not knowing he was so near me. I accidentally struck

him in the face with my elbow.

"Horrid, awkward thing," growled
Tom; and I received a blow from his
strong little fist which I am sorry to say
was not accidental. Mother had just
come in, and she saw the whole scene.
She made Tom sit alone on sofe away. She made Tom sit alone on a sofa, away from the window and the bird, till he should grow good-natured again. But Tom was not to be soothed in any such way, for he was really angry. "Horrid, awkward, old thing! he

Horrid, swkward, old thing! he muttered again between his teeth. 'I just won't stay in the house with such a girl! I'll run away, so I will. I'll run away to may to might.' he added in a londer voice, intending to attract my attention and thinking to frighten me.
"'What's that?" said mother. 'Run

away from home, and to-night?"

away from home, and to-night?"
"'Yes, and I am going right off now,
if Jen don't say she's sorry."
"'Very well,' said mother, looking
at me, and seeing no signs of renentance in my face. 'You know I allow
no one in my house to tell a lie, so I
suppose I must say 'groadby' to you

and hence in-him shake his long-saved pennies out bited primarily of his tin bank, heard him pull out bu-

wind.
"I shall never forget how forlors. the little fellow looked as he walked down the path from the house to the barn. An immense umbrella, old and torn, he tried to hold over him with one hand, while in the other he held a bundle, containing his best suit of clothes, clean shirt and his pennics. No overcoat had he, no rubbers, and only an old straw hat which he had pulled down over his

eyes. "Bang! went the front door after him. Oo-oo roared the wind as it fol-lowed him! Splash! came down the rain through his torn, worn umbrella; and even the grim, tall cypress trees swayed their dripping tops over the path as he passed, as though they would

send down an extra shower on poor Tom's head. "Soon it grewdark. But no Tom returned. Of course none of us thought he would really go away. We supposed the hottest of tempers would soon have cooled in that night's storm. "An hour passed; the darkness grew

" Poor Tom? I thought. 'It's all my fault, every bit of it;' and although I was fourteen years old and considered myself quite a woman, I began to cry. "But suddenly, much to my joy I heard Tom's step on the porch. I was about to rush out to meet him when my

"That minute the front door bell rang—then it was not Tom at all, I "Mother went to the door, and there

mother stopped me.
"'No, child,' said she, firmly.

walked calmly down the porch, off the

thing, to begin it.

I wish, I wish, I wish, I had you here this very blossed initiots.

I'd hing and hiss you, dance you up, and dance you down. I'm thinking.

And toes you high up to the sky, and set your layes a blinking.

I'd tell you all about the ply that had the bread and birther.

And the one that squessed, "On give me some." How you would langua and sputter!

I'd tell you of a worthy Dame, they called her. Who went to get her dog a bome, and found an empty captoned:

And the cow is the ports, and the besting here, and the little bey that blows it.

And the cow is the ports, and the besting here, and the little bey that blows it.

Of little Bo Peep who lest her sheep, and didn't know where to find 'em;

'But another hour had ticked its allow way around the clock before we heard those steps on the porch again.

This time I went with mother to the door. Tom was there. His bat was yound the little better than the step in the price of a night's was wet, and his hands purple with cold; but in a plucky voice he addressed mother:

"Please tell me the price of a night's

other:
" Please tell me the price of a night's ledging in B—_.'
"'I gave a man fifty cents yesterday

doing it.

Eight o'clock came, and with it fal-

"Eight o'clock came, and with it falteritigiy, slowly, came Tom's step on
the porch. He rang the bell, but it
only tinkled feebly. This time we all
sprang to meet him, mether leading us
and opening the door.

"Would you?" sobbed poor, tired
Tom, 'would you-would you let me
come in and warm my poor little hands?
I am Jennie, I am so sorry!"

"In a minute, in a second, Tom was
folded in mother's arms, sobbing, repentant, wet, drabbled—yes, we were
all sobbing."

"Well, auntie," was Frank's comment, "I think Uncle Tom was just a

ment, "I think Uncle Tom was just a brick" emphasizing the last word with a thump of his cienched fist on the white fur rug.
"No, I think mother was the 'brick' as you say. At least all she ever after that had to do to 'disperse' Tom's tem-ter, was to say 'Does my little hoy wish to be taken at his word?'"—Nellie A.

Hopkins, in Wide-Awake.

A Boy's Way to Success. Every boy wishes to be successful; and he thinks if he only could find a sure road to success in any undertak-ing, he would not hesitate to enter it. It is the fear of fallure at the last that

keeps many from pushing on.
There are three qualities that will insure success in any walk in life, namely, ability, integrity and industry; and though, at first sight, it may seem as if the first of these must be a gift and cannot be cultivated, you will find it is a fact that every boy has ability, if he only finds out in which line of

if he only finds out in which line of study or action it lies.

Ability is the power of doing a thing well. A boy should learn early that he cannot have ability in everything: that is, few boys have a great deal of general ability. The first rule should be that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." A boy who does his best in whatever he undertakes will soon find in what direction his soon find in what unvestigations soon find in what marked success; efforts meet with most marked success; and, having discovered that, let him bend all his energies in that particular branch of study or work. Better be a first-class carpenter than a fourth rate lawyer; a good machinist than a poor

doctor.

But many boys cannot judge of their own abilities, and the father, who should study his son's peculiar temperament and characteristics, gives them

little thought.

Don't give it up; be on the watch to to learning and earnest Christian living.

A boy should have at least one friend. everal years his senior, who can guide him to a choice of what branch of work or study to set his best efforts to. He will by carnest endeavor gain ability, but let him guard well his in-

tegrity. This is more than truthful-ness; it is wholeheartedness. ness; it is wholeheartedness.

A boy of integrity is like a stout, staunch ship sailing through the ocean; the waves may sway her from side to side, but she remains whole and firm. Boys, make up your minds to be true. If you have deceived, say so to yourself. and say:

"By God's help, I'll stop short from

this day. I must earn an honorable nume, and I will. And, at whatever cost to yourself, be true; let no temptation spring a leak in Your heart.

Now, about industry. A boy with good ability and integrity, even if be is rather lazy and shiftless, will, perhaps, get along, but what opportunities are lost for usefulness! Boys, remember

lost for usefulness! Boys, remember that the most successful men have been the most industrious. It is easy to point out some rich men and say, "He began as a poor boy." Yes, but he worked hard, year in and year out.

One word about this industry. Bon't let it be simply being industrious to be rich. Aim higher than riches. Store your mind with gleanings from the best writers: cultivate a taste for reading, and let the success at which you aim and let the success at which you ain be the approval of a good conscience. Riches are not to be despised, but it is

only when they are united to learning and religion that they are to be envied. I wish boys would realize more that every little event of their boyhood is shaping their future character. The boy who is more anxious to understand perfectly what he learns than to appear